



Emotions



111 2 10

Chapter 1 by [Trouble_maker_number_1](#)

I have so many emotions and there not all good. A lot of the time I am sad or depressed. I don't really talk about my feelings and that is why I am depressed all the time according to my old therapist. I hate that when ever you are depressed or sad no one cares and when you are happy people care. It drives me crazy. I wish people would care about me if I am sad or depressed.

Chapter 2 by [SaintSayaka](#)



I wish people could see that my sadness is just as much a part of me as my happiness, rare as it is now.

I told all of this and more to my old therapist, who nodded over her shopping cart of goods. If truth be told, I was somewhat surprised that she stopped for me. So few people actually take time out of their day for me lest I waste it with what my mother lovingly called "nonsense".

"And what are you going to do about it, Lucina?"

"I wish I knew the answer to that."

She thumbed the handle of the cart, obviously not out of desperation to escape but thought. I loved watching her hands work, and I always had. They were what my dad used to describe as "piano hands" when I was younger and he traced them over his keyboard. It now sits in our garage, quiet upset to be left alone for all of these years if the high pitched squeal it emits when you stroke a note is anything to go by. After years of arguing over it, the piano now sits in a junk

yard. I know it sits in the streets and not my bed. We all undergo change.

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That's the first thing that my therapist

Chapter 3 by [Daniel D'Souza](#)

And probably the only one that matters in this sad excuse for a world.

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Dr. Hopper was probably the only one who ever came close enough to understand my mind, my being. I like to think she probably succeeded, being the accomplished therapist she is. More importantly, she was a fine woman. It was her name that had appealed to my younger self into seeing a helpful 'friend'.

Talking about change though, once i came close to change from the living to dead. It was the time of my worst period. The down time had lasted for half a year before it drove me so desperate that i had to find a way to free me. I hadn't wanted to die, i just wanted freedom. A release to let out all that darkness and ugliness that resided deeply in my head. I obviously failed at my amateur attempt and that had depressed me even further. Now i felt weaker and somehow more useless and insignificant. Incapable of even deciding my fate, i felt if i ever looked out of the abyss i was in, i would see nothing.

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